

Never Judge A Book By Its Cover by dylemma_lover

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Complicated Relationships, F/M, Fluff and Angst, Gen, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Language, Love/Hate, Other

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Summary:

It's after the spring break in 1985 in Hawkins and everyone is just back at school, but there is a new girl coming to the Hawkins High School.

Quite weird, loving black, heavy metal and Harley Davidson, Cynthia is nothing like typical townie teen. No one knows who she is and almost everyone is a bit scared of her but also jealous - pretty and rich, she really doesn't seem to care about locals.

Apart from one small group of kids and their babysitter...

1. Spring, Kind of Wonderful

Author's Note:

Okay this fanfic is made specially for love of my fanfic life, Steve. I want him to have a fresh, cute relationship with a new character. Usually I don't like to create a random character since I think it could end up to be a little bit lame and I love explore already existing relationships but there is really no one in the show right now who I would pair him with.

It's gonna be a fanfic mostly about Steve/Cynthia possible relationship but nothing too romantic (at least not in the beginning ;)) and also kids will be included, especially Dustin & Steve bromance and Jancy and Billy will be causing a bit trouble too. I want to keep original characters same as much as they are in the show & using their characteristic lines, gestures etc.

English is not my native language and also I don't have an English-speaking editor (only my bf, hehe) so please be patient with me if it will sound confusing or weird sometimes - I'm trying :) I'm definitely open for some good advices/better wording etc. from English speakers, thank you <3

Like every morning, Cynthia woke up and turned on the stereo with her favorite album, The Number of the Beast. A small grin came across her face when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in!" she shouted.

Tiffany, looked angry as usual, stepped into the room, wearing her pink satin gown.

"Cindy, how many times I'm supposed to repeat myself? Just turn it off! Boys are sensitive and this noise is really not suitable for small children!" she said arrogantly, putting her hands on her hips - small gesture that Cynthia really hated about her.

Before she could answer something juicy, two small heads zipped past her and jumped on the bed.

"We like Cyn's songs - they're fun!" Jeffrey laughed.

"Yeah, something about Satan and darkness, so cool!" added Jason and jumped so high that he could touch ceiling with his hand.

Tiffany got paler than usual and rushed out. Cynthia knew that it means only one thing.

"Christopher! Christopher!" shouted her stepmother in hallway.

"Guys, guys, just stop jumping and go change yourself please. Your mom is going to be upset." asked Cynthia with a big smile. Tiffany going mad as hell was the last thing that would bother her but she didn't want boys pull into this mess more than necessary. They winked at her and run away.

She put on her new black jeans, Misfits hoodie and laced up Dr. Martens-massive boots that she discovered recently and fell in love with immediately-just few seconds before her father came into.

"Cynthia, what happened here?" he asked tiredly. Tiffany stood behind him with victorious face.

"Nothing dad, only Tiffany seems to have a problem with my music."

"With your *music*? It's demonic screeching, nothing else! You are terrifying me and your brothers with that!" Cynthia thought that she looks quite repulsive with her eyes almost popping out and hysterical voice.

"I don't care what's going on between you two, just solve it. I want to have at least one calm morning in this house."

He didn't look at Cynthia and turned away from her, exiting the room. Tiffany narrowed her gaze, hate spitting from her eyes. Then she left, chasing after Mr. Coote, her head shaking.

"And it's Cynthia, not Cindy!" She slammed her door.

Dustin Henderson was standing at the curb of pavement and eagerly looked for the burgundy BMW.

"Where is he? He wouldn't let me down." he thought nervously, but in that moment car stormed from around the corner. It stopped with brakes screeching right next to Dustin and the doors on the passenger's side opened.

"Jump in!" Steve encouraged him and Dustin sat on the passenger's seat with his heavy bag on his lap.

"I thought you forgot." he said a bit blamefully.

"Sorry man, I overslept and you know how that goes - once it

happens to you, you have no chance to make it on time." the handsome boy grinned at him and run a hand through his neatly styled hair.

"No worries, at least you are here." Dustin smiled. He was really lucky that Steve's first class on Monday started at 10 o'clock so he was able to drive him to the dentist instead of his mom. When she was trying to catch the new kitten, substitute for Mrs. Mews, she didn't notice a frozen puddle on the sidewalk and broken arm was inevitable. How many regrets and apologies he had to listen to that she is not going to be able to drive him anywhere and he was assuring her that it's okay and that he will figure out. In fact he was extremely looking forward to asking Steve to give him a ride. It seemed to be much more appropriate to him that a guy like Steve would accompany him to the doctor's than his mum who would only embarrass him in front of the nurse, telling her that back when he was a baby she had to change his diapers twice as often as usual. Steve understands that new teeth check up is important for him as a young dude and that it should be done without any women's sentimental outcries.

Steve sometimes peeked at Dustin secretly.

"He looks excited," he told himself, "that's a good thing. These teeth means a world to him." Even though Steve would never say it loud, he was glad that he could drive Dustin to doctor. Since that Snow Ball disaster he had an urge to be more supportive of him and give him more useful advices. Moreover, without wanting to admit it to himself, Steve really like this boy.

"Oh no, school again. I'm gonna miss holiday so much!" Nancy sighed and turned to Jonathan.

"Me too but we have almost every subject together." smiled her boyfriend gently. They have been dating slightly over four months and made a trip to Chicago during the spring break. It was their first trip that has nothing to do with saving the world or their friends. So they really enjoyed that peaceful time, visited local university and just relaxed. Christmas were really tiresome because Jonathan was trying to help Joyce and Will to get back to normal life and Nancy was just here for him. After that, finals hit them hard and it was only now that they started to feel like their relationship was finally in the first place for both of them.

On the other side of the parking lot were standing Tommy with Carol, Tina, few boys from basketball team and with that creepy new guy. Billy Hargrove, that was his name.

"Hey freak! How does it feel to screw the princess of our ex-King?" Tommy shouted and laughed unpleasantly. The others started to laugh too, except for Billy, who looked like his only concern is to enjoy the morning's cigarette.

"Don't pay attention to him, he is just pathetic," Nancy whispered and squeezed Jonathan's arm. He swallowed and walked ahead.

"Does your brother cut off your tongue or what? I'm talking to you!" Tommy got angry. He glanced at Billy nervously, but he just ignored him. It was a clear sign what he thinks about Tommy - disgust.

Right before he was able to spit out another insult, Tommy was silenced by loud motorcycle rumble. Harley Davidson, Softail model, arrived at the parking right between two enemy camps.

"Dude, who won a fucking lottery?" said Reed astonished and all the boys were desperately trying to not to look too amazed.

"That must be someone who just transferred right? New cool guy?" Tina noted desirously.

"Or a new asshole " Nancy murmured to herself.

Tall figure in leather jacket and black jeans took off the helmet and-

"A girl? That's a joke!" Tommy stared at slim, dark haired young woman with disbelief.

"Who is that? I haven't heard nothing about a new *girl* student!" Tina more than anger felt touch of jealousy. That bitch is damn pretty.

Billy Hargrove narrowed his eyes. He was interested for the first time that day.

Cynthia has had to laugh all the way from the parking lot. Unbelievable how these rednecks stared at her. Like they have never ever saw a girl on motorbike. Or maybe any decent motorbike in general. It's going to be interesting here in Hawkins, she thought and passed the couple that also looked at her great entrance over there. She could tell that they are probably not school sweethearts and she immediately liked them more. Because she could relate - in her case, people always looked at her suspiciously or made comments not so different from Tommy's and all that just because of her looks. After these few years since she changed her cute girly dresses for black

horror, as Tiffany calls it, she was used to these reactions and somehow started to even enjoy them. Tiffany was trying to make her wear Chanel costumes, Dior dresses and Vuitton handbags but when she turned thirteen, Cynthia stubbornly rejected everything what reminded girl's clothes and she only put on t-shirts with Sex Pistols on it. Oh how she was furious, lovely Tiffany. It was that time when she finally stopped to trying to like her. The only person from whom she was longing for any reaction really didn't care. Dad never scolded her, just looked at her with apathetic face or gave her money with saying "Go and buy something nice instead of making Tiffany upset." He actually meant not to make *him* upset but she didn't understand it back then. Unfortunately, she hasn't been able to fully understand it not even today.

With these thoughts she floated through the school hallway, right to the principal's office where she was supposed to go firstly and she didn't notice any of gazes that her new schoolmates put at her. Some admirably, others shockingly but most of them curiously - after the first class there was no one in Hawkins High School who haven't heard about a new beautiful but strange lady.

Steve was checking the clock impatiently, reminding himself that he has to get of in ten minutes to catch his next class and Dustin was still inside the doctor's office. When the doctor assured Steve that everything is alright - he will only remove the plaque from Dustin's teeth - he went back to sit in waiting area. "Hope he doesn't pull one of his teeth out" he thought - he really wouldn't wish this for Dustin. Finally, the door open and boy came out with smile from ear to ear. "Don't forget to clean your teeth regularly, Mr. Henderson!" called after him the dentist.

"Of course, sir." Dustin answered and when the door closed he added: "I'll just make a proper preparation" and he bit his favorite nougat bar, Three Musketeers.

"C'mon, let's go. I need to be on time for my math class and you are supposed to have the science one. I promised to Mr. Clark that you will make it!" Steve pushed him to the exit and headed for the car.

"You are worse than older brother. Or dad, God forbid" Dustin teased him.

"You *wish*, dickhead. Have you as a brother or son is the last thing in this world that I would want." Steve smirked and revving the engine.

He dropped Dustin off in front of Hawkins Middle School and told him to be on parking lot at three o'clock precisely - he will drive him back home. Then, he drove to the parking lot for high schoolers and saw a big black motorbike in the middle of it.

"Well someone got himself a new baby. I just hope it doesn't belong to that jerk Hargrove." he thought. He would have to take a care of kids more than usual if Billy would burn up the road with this. He parked his BMW next to Harley and run down from the hill.

When he entered the campus, bell just started to ring for break. Steve made his way through masses of students and heard excited whispers from every corner.

"...her dad is an actual billionaire from New York City..."

"...they moved out because of her drug problems..."

"....she was partying with Motley Crue and Kiss!..."

"....she could be good-looking, except these terrible rags..."

"....if she is so rich why is she dressed up as a homeless person..."

Steve had no idea who they talked about but realized it has to be a new school sensation like Billy and it has to do something with the motorbike he saw. But it sounded like that person is a girl which seems to be pretty odd. At least to Steve - it was far cry from girls he knew. And he definitely never heard about single one that would own a motorbike. He stopped in front of a classroom where Billy and Tommy were standing.

"Oh where have you been, Stevie boy? Babysitting your little freaks?"

"It's getting to be a bit boring Tommy, don't you wanna make an updated version?" Steve smirked and wanted to pass by. Billy almost unnoticeably stepped back.

"I assume you haven't met our new dark queen yet." Tommy suddenly changed the topic.

"What are you talking about?"

"New classmate. Tall girl, dark hair, could be fuckable if she wouldn't look like one of your beloved frea-"

Tommy stopped talking and Steve turned around. He looked into blue eyes of Cynthia Coote.

2. Absolutely Tubular

Summary for the Chapter:

Kids can't wait for another D&D evening at Mike's and Cynthia has a problem with Tommy.

But when she meets a small nerd with curly hair it maybe gets better after all.

Notes for the Chapter:

Since I have already wrote like nine chapters but I need to translate them which is the hardest part I wanted to ask if you prefer wait longer and get a long chapter or I just should post shorter pieces but more often? Thank you for reading my work <3 (if you like it obvs hehe)

„Do you have a problem?“ Cynthia asked with her look fixed on Tommy and walked past Steve towards him.

„Oh no, we were just chitchatting, nothing serious...“ Tommy stuttered and didn't know where to look.

„So just to be clear, I hate when someone talks about me behind my back. If you have something to say, say it to my face.“ she growled quietly and before Tommy could respond, outraged voice blasted behind them.

„What is going on here? Go inside, to your seats!“ Mr. Frederickson commanded. Steve and Tommy rather did what he said and teacher glared at Billy and Cynthia.

„You two don't have to be somewhere? Mr. Hargrove I believe that you are supposed to have a Spanish lesson.“

„Yes sir, we are just leaving. I just waited for our new classmate here“ Billy jerked his head towards Cynthia.

„Well what are you waiting for?“ Frederickson barked with slamming the door.

The two of them were standing in the silent hall alone. She turned around and headed off when he shouted at her:

„,You know you are going wrong direction? Spanish classroom is the other way“ He pointed out spitefully.

Cynthia stopped and evaluated her options. She could just go and try

to find it on her own but with her sense of orientation she'll be probably lost forever or she could join this weird guy with terrible mullet and maybe it will not be that awkward when they come late together.

„Okay. Just lead me, erm..“

„Billy. Billy Hargrove.“

„Cynthia Coote.“

They walked next to each other for a while when Billy noted:

„Your Harley looks damn good. You stole it from your brother?“ he said mockingly.

„Yes, from yours. Oh and he said that you should stop crying that you have *none*.“ she fired back and a small grin came across Billy's face. She's the though one.

„Fine, sorry. It's just that all these girls here are dumb as shit and you with your look and attitude are like some...Fata Morgana.“

„I've already figured out.“ she stopped in front of a classroom. Billy knocked.

Ringing bell meant the end of the class and scrum of kids unleashed from the room.

„So when the great Dungeons & Dragons tournament will take a place, today or tomorrow?“ Will asked enthusiastically.

„Tomorrow man, today uncle Jack and aunt Rita are coming for a dinner and my mom forbid me to go anywhere.“ Mike was upset. Then he glanced at Eleven lovingly:

„But you are invited El. Mom said that it would be really nice to get to know you better.“ Eleven smiled bashfully and nodded.

„Booooring! Me and Lucas wanna beat the shit out of you already!“ Max shouted and dig the named one in the ribs. He chuckled and added:

„Sure thing. Me and Max trained so hard and we are ready to tear you apart.“

„Don't try to make me laugh buddy. Me and Will have no competition .“ Dustin resisted a Will quickly agreed.

„We will see“ Max grumbled and unlocked her bike. They all started to pick up their bikes from the stand except for Dustin.

„Hey, are you walking home today?“ Lucas teased him.

„No way, I have my own driver.“ Dustin was boasting.

„And who is that? Your mom still can't drive, right?“

„I'm not talking about my mom, obviously“ he answered and looked at the parking lot where high school students started to gather.

„Steve? Man you are spending way too much time alone with him lately.“ Mike smiled.

„So? Steve is actually a cool guy and I like to talk to him about...things.“ Dustin stood up for his mate.

„New bromance?“ Max snorted and Dustin looked bit scornfully at her.

„Like babies, really“ he clicked his tongue and went back to the parking lot.

„Oh c'mon Dustin! You know we like Steve too - we just don't loooooove him“ Max and the others outburst with laugh when they hit the pedal and went home.

Dustin leaned back on Steve's car and muttered to himself.

„Me loving Steve...definitely not...they are talking shits...he only helps me when mom can't, nothing else...“ In that moment he started to think about possibility that Steve maybe has the same feeling as them. Oh God, maybe he should just walk home after all.

Suddenly a girl appeared, wearing all black. He didn't know too much high schoolers but if he had ever seen this girl, he would remember. She was clothed like for heavy metal concert and quite tall for a woman, but with some nice curves. Long, dark hair were just laying on her back almost in the middle of her waist, no curls or perm how the most of young girls styled it these days. It kinda reminded him Max's hairstyle - nothing complicated. Dustin wasn't exactly a heartbreaker but his pubescent mind immediately placed this girl into the "Hot chick, you have no chance" category.

She noticed that he stared at her and grinned at him. He froze and waited for "creep" and "stalker" insults coming but her face looked kind.

„So, did I pass?“ she winked.

„P-p-p-passed what?“ he stammered.

„Your analysis. Or have you been checking out someone else?“ she chuckled but it was warm, nice sound.

„Oh no I was only looking at this nice bike. Is that yours?“ he tried to cover up his embarrassment and she nodded with small smirk.

„Are you interested in motorbikes? I wouldn't say that.“ she eyed him up and down and examined his t-shirt with dinosaurs, old manchester trousers and his beloved colourful trucker hat.

„Not that much but my dad loved them. He always wanted to teach me how to ride them.“

„And have you ever tried?“ He shook his head.

„Uhm...there was no chance after all.“ He said it in strange way so Cynthia decided not to ask him more.

„Well I can give you a drive if you want.“

„Seriously? That would be absolutely tubular!“ Dustin's face brightened with joy.

„Sure thing, just jump in. I have another helmet here.“

„Oh God I would love to but I already have a lift and I'm waiting for him. He wouldn't be happy if I would just disappear.“ His face saddened but he reminded himself that you just can't blow off your friend like this. Bros before hoes like Steve would say.

„No worries, next time then“ she put on her helmet and sat on the motorbike.

„I'm Dustin!“ he yelled through the roaring engine.

„Cynthia!“ she shouted back and then she was gone, only dust was tossing in the air.

„Who were you just talking to?“ Dustin jumped and turned around to Steve who came.

„To one hell of hottie man, one hell of hottie. She can actually drive a motorbike!“ he stated respectfully. Steve frowned.

„That new girl? I don't think she's a suitable friend for you.“ warned him.

„Actually I think she could be. She was super nice that it surprised me too.“ Dustin admitted.

„No, stay away from these people. Just remember Billy. I saw her with him during the break. Not a good idea - my final words dude!“ Steve silenced Dustin's protests and hit the road.

Author's Note:

Just let me know if you like it since I'm testing the waters :)